

Fattaru

"Murderers"

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[Black Child]

Uh huh, we did it

Motherfucker

Somebody gotta do it

It gotta get done, why not get it done with the gun?

Word to god

Yo yo yo

Chorus: Ja Rule

Murder'a, inside must be hollow

Kill us today or you'll have to kill us tomorrow

Murder'a, inside must be shallow

How does it feel to take a life of anotha

Murder'a, inside must be hollow

Kill us today or you'll have to kill us tomorrow

Murder'a, inside must be shallow

How does it feel to take a life...

[Black Child]

It's murda and its not a game

Y'all *Silence* gonna feel the flames and a lotta pain

Let me explain from day one its murda one with no gun

Taking income, makin bitch niggas run

The nine-one-one roll up nigga what

We got the four pund tucked, the Porsche look plush

Niggas get fuckin clapped and killed for flossin

That probly why niggas get killed so often

Nothin to live for type a nigga I did a bid for

Snitch bitch niggas that ain't built for war

Is it because we ain't got no love for thugs

And slugs for drugs, the worlds most murda'rous

Black Child, nigga you know how the fuck I do

Put two in you, then puff a blunt at your funeral

I might touch yo' click and fuck yo' bitch

But'choo never heard a nigga spit shit like this

Chours

[Tah Murdah]

When I'm gunnin I'm coming on ??? shit rubber grip

Four shit on the sawed off, blowin the doors off the
Range Rov' shit
Fo' sho' this, is somethin' we die for
And my murderas I lie and fry for
Murda man, when the shit hit the fan
The plan formulate, for instance, fuck a percentage
you need the all the cake
Put the four to snakes make 'em lay for raw
Fuck the game, 'cuz nigga I don't play no more
Size 'em up, nevermind if you ridin tough
Count 'em out 'til his eyes is puff, despising us
I got hungry thugs that'll tie you up
And they ain't got a problem with, snub nose revolver
shit
We hard to hit, my mom's a Crip
We thristy niggas that'll rob ya bitch for the love of the
chips
So when I'm soaking the whip, y'all niggas keep hatin'
Gotta stash where the heats placed in, paper I keep
chasin
Motherfucker, uh uh

Chorus

[Ja Rule]

Yo, yo...

Forever young this face kills so many all die, nigga
must I?
Confess my sins, to the souls of the unknown, why?
Would you ever disrespect my niggas
We murderous engines that lead to lynchin's
Index, itching, ready to run up and hit 'em
Let the teflon spin 'em, they say "look how Ja did 'em"
I a murder'a , Inc'ed and blood you know you heard of
us
Murderers juts because we the shhhhhhh
Make a nigga much harder to hit with the ox
We can take it back, give me five minutes in the box
Or trade hot rocks 'til one of us drops
Nothin but shells and you can hear the shot for blocks
I'm giving 'em hell, while niggas steady hollerin' "stop"
I spit sixteens with aim and continue to pop
Motherfuckers, what'choo want with this shit
The murderous I-N-C, nigga

Chorus

MURDER'A

